Kent News.

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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

No. 206 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt St., Balto Md.

We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3. Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

WITH

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,

No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,

(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).

COMMISSION MERCHANT

FOR THE SALE OF

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND.)

FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. Reference National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. (612-y.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. BARNARD.

HAVING opened an office at the residence of Norris Barnard's for the practice of Dentistry, I beg leave to say that I will be in attendance there to receive patients at any time with the exception of MONDAY and TUESDAY of each week. All modern appliances. Anæsthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. j15-2m.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House

Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,

GRADUATE OF

The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,

CHESTERVILLE, MD.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

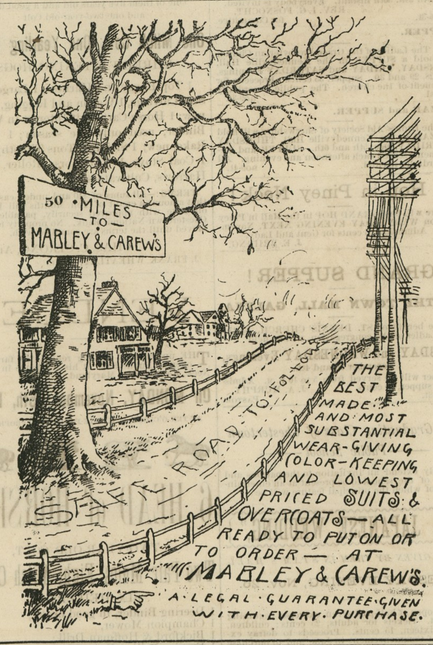
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,

BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." h24-tf.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.



FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

A FORTNIGHT has passed and we are in Possession of the FINEST LINE of

FALL CLOTHING

Ever Exhibited in Chestertown, Maryland.

SOME became impatient—thought our delay was a little longer than necessary, but it takes time, especially when you select your own designs and have them made to order. Those that were waiting for the arrival of our Fall Suiting are fully convinced that they saved at least 20 to 25 per cent, by buying of us.

Our Stock is Complete and We Guarantee Our Prices To Be Lower Than Any Other House.

FALL HATS in a variety of styles and shapes, from 25c. up to $4.00. Our $2.00 Derby Hat should prove a great leader. CAPS, we have a nice assortment consisting of Fur, Polos, Jockeys, Windsors and Silk. UNDERWEAR—without exaggeration we have the Finest Line in town—they are made of Camel's Hair, Natural Wool, Cashmere Wool, Goat's Wool and Fine Australian Wool. NECK-WEAR—Light and Dark Effects 25c., regular 50c. quality.

Our $3.00 PANTS are attracting the attention of shrewd buyers. We have some left, will have others next week. Take a look at our $8.00 and $10.00 SUITS before you buy, they are nobby. Our Merchant Tailoring Department is increasing, famous for artistic work and moderate prices.

Oct. 5, 1889. **A. FRIEDMAN,** The Leading Clothier of Chestertown.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Emma T. Benjamin and others,
versus
Thomas C. Benjamin and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 30th day of October, 1889, that the sale of the real estate in the above proceedings mentioned, made and reported by William M. Slay, Trustee, under a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county in equity, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 3d day of December next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,100.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Nov. 2, 1889—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

William L. Meredith, Collector,
versus
Henry Robinson.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE report of Sale in the foregoing case having been read and considered and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with; It is thereupon this thirtieth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, ordered that the sale made and reported by WILLIAM L. MEREDITH, Collector, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third Monday in January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the first Monday in December next.

FREDERICK STUMP.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Nov. 2, 1889—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOSEPH MASLIN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 22d day of April, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 22d day of October, 1889.

CHARLES C. STRONG,
Oct. 26, 1889—4t. Administrator.

To the Ladies!

YOU can easily get your DRESS GOODS at home and you can very soon get them soiled, but you cannot have them cleaned or dyed at home, but if you go to

MRS. KATE BRADLEY'S,

three doors below the postoffice in Chestertown, you will find the prices for Cleaning and Dyeing and she will inform you that you can have such work done at the

NEW YORK

Steam Dyeing, Scouring and Repairing Co.,

No. 307 N. Howard St., Baltimore,

where your work will be done at short notice. Remember we Steam and Reline your Plush Coat, which makes it equal to new, at a very small cost.

R. LEE NEWNAM, PROP'R,
s14-6m. No. 307 N. Howard Street.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

NEW! NEW!

Fall and Winter Goods!

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, KERSEYS, Flannels, Cheviots, Tickings!

DRESS GINGHAMS, PRINTS,

WHITE AND COLORED BLANKETS.

UNDERWEAR of all Grades at Prices to Suit all. Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Corsets, Suspenders, Collars, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs and Notions in great variety.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS

MEN'S SHOES, LADIES' SHOES!
MISSES' SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES!
RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES!

HATS and CAPS! CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!

Full line of Groceries and Queensware. All at lowest prices.

J. H. SIMPERS,
Oct. 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BUILDING LUMBER.

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH, SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, CYPRESS FENCING.

THE LARGEST STOCK, OF SEASONED LUMBER, IN THE COUNTY,

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES

DO NOT BUY without giving me an opportunity to make estimates for you.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 9, 1889.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.

For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

FODDER YARN, Husking Gloves and Pins, Grain Scoops and Corn Baskets, at the hardware store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, all grades, at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

EFFIE: A THANKSGIVING STORY.

S. F. IN GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Thanksgiving day was one that the villagers of Weston always marked with a white stone. All the time-honored customs of New England villages were kept up there, and family parties were invariably given by all who had families to collect around them.

On the particular anniversary whose doings gave rise to the incidents of my story, there was to be a large gathering of the villagers at Mrs. Wilson's, who, having no relatives to entertain, had invited friends far and near to dine with her on the anniversary. To make my story clear to my readers it will be necessary to introduce some of my characters, before they appear in gala dress.

Mrs. Wilson was the leader in the little village of Weston, occupying the largest house, which had been built by her husband for his bride, and spending freely an income that warranted luxurious appointments. Her sister, Hetty Payne, and Effie, the only child of the house, constituted her family. Ten years before the day when she issued her invitations for the Thanksgiving party, Mrs. Wilson returned from Italy, where she had accompanied her husband in a vain search for health, bearing with her the body of James Wilson, who died in Florence, and the babe, whose childish loveliness now made the sunshine of her home. Hetty was housekeeper during her sister's absence, and now a loved inmate of that sister's home.

It was the day before the one appointed for the party, and Mrs. Wilson was seated with Hetty in the pretty sitting room, both busy upon the dainty fashioning of some blue bows for Effie's white dress. As they worked, the door opened softly, and the object of their thoughts and busy fingers came in. She was a child of wonderful beauty. Features delicate and as pure as some piece of statuary, were lighted by large eyes of the deepest blue, while long loose curls of the true golden tinge fell in profusion over her shoulders. A child, too, of that matured, winning loveliness of character that seems only fitted for a higher sphere, yet which God leaves sometimes on earth to draw souls to Him. The only darling of true Christian women, whose gentle piety and remarkable sweetness made them universally beloved, it was not wonderful that the young heart and mind were developing beauties as pure and perfect as the lovely face and form.

Now, as she stood in the doorway, it was evident there was some weighty request trembling on her lips. Her eyes were eager, her cheeks flushed, and the rosebud mouth was quivering with excitement.

"Mamma," she said, lifting her face to meet her mother's kiss, "may I have *one* company myself tomorrow?"

"One company, dear?"

"One person to dinner, just one, to invite all myself."

"But, darling, everybody you know is already invited."

"Not everybody, mamma. I want to invite old Hunchy!"

"And who is old Hunchy?"

"Why, you know. The humpback man that has taken the house on Will's Lane."

"And is it my little Effie I hear calling any one by an odious nickname that is a mockery of misfortune?"

"Oh, mamma," and the blue eyes filled with tears, "I did not mean it. Everybody calls him so, and he shuts himself up so, nobody knows his real name."

"But why do you want to invite him here?"

"He is so poor, mamma, and there is no one else to ask him."

"Well, we can send him a dinner."

"No, no! he is a gentleman."

"How do you know him so well?"

"He stops me whenever I pass. He gave me flowers twice, and I am like somebody he knows. He told me once to go home and pray God to make me hideous, and then he said: 'No, no, it is true and good beauty.'"

"And you want to ask him here?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, you may; I do not think he will come."

The child bounded off, and a deep silence fell upon the sisters. The widow's voice first broke it.

"Hetty!"

"I know, Lucy. I am afraid to."

"Who is this man?"

"All I can tell you is that he took the house that has stood so long vacant on the lane nearly a month ago. He is terribly deformed, dirty and ragged, and so morose and surly that no one of the children dare approach him. The villagers give him an awful name."

"Yet Effie says he is a gentleman, and you know we have often been amused at her intuitive knowledge of true refinement."

"Yes—it is best for us to see him if we can. Perhaps—"

"Yes—yes; don't talk of it now!" said Mrs. Wilson, nervously.

In the meantime Effie was speeding down the wide avenue to the gate, out upon the road, and down to the cottage, where her deformed friend lived. She was so much the pet of the whole village that no restraint was ever placed upon her wanderings, and every inch of the way was familiar to her. The object of her visit was seated upon a low bench before the cottage door, looking out upon vacancies; but with such an expression of bitter, revengeful passion upon his face, that the child shrank back, involuntarily. He was an object to inspire a gentle girl with fear as he thus sat. Over his forehead the hair fell in a heavy, neglected mass, and his great black eyes glowed like living coals. Upon the deformed shoulders the clothes hung in loose folds, faded, soiled and worn; and the hands supporting his head were soiled and clenched. Suddenly looking up, he saw the child. In an instant his face lighted with a look of love which at first it seemed incapable of expressing.

"Eloise!" he whispered.

"I am Effie Wilson," she said, coming forward.

"True, true, I was dreaming," and he drew her to his side. "It is my little friend who is not afraid of me."

"Why should I be afraid? God would not let you hurt me."

"No, no, I could not hurt you if I would," and he stroked her hair softly.

"I came to invite you to our Thanksgiving party," she said, presently.

"I—I" and he laughed a bitter mocking laugh, that made the child tremble. "I am a pretty figure for a party."

"But it is Thanksgiving Day."

"And I have nothing to be thankful for!"

"Oh, please," she pleaded, "do not say that. God gives everybody *something*."

"Poor, deformed, hated, mocked at, without one to love me!" he said, half in soliloquy.

There was a moment of silence. Then she crept up to his arms. "I love you!" she whispered, timidly.

He clasped her in an embrace so passionate that she almost screamed with terror.

"Once," he said, hoarsely, "a face as beautiful as yours lay here, a voice as sweet said 'I love you.' I was young, rich, and handsome then; now—child, do you love me now?" and he held her where she could see his deformity.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Then I will come to your party, and thank God for your love."

"May I go home now?" she said, for his violence had terrified her.

"Yes, go! I will come tomorrow. Can—can you kiss me?"

She threw her arms around him, and pressed the fresh dewy lips upon his, and then went slowly homeward. He watched her out of sight, then turning he went into the house, bolted his door, and, throwing himself upon the floor, sobbed with the fearful throes of a man in mortal agony. Often, too, broken words escaped him—"Eloise, Eloise—loved, trusted, heartless;" and then, lingeringly, the name of the child—"Effie! Effie Wilson—the child says she loves me."

There was already a large number of Mrs. Wilson's guests assembled, when Effie's friend came into the handsome parlors. The child, radiantly beautiful in her pure dress with its pretty fluttering blue ribbons, came forward at once to meet him. There was a little blush of pride on her face as she noticed his appearance. The fair hands were now white as a lady's; his hair, carefully arranged, was glossy and clustered in heavy natural curls above a broad, white forehead, while the face, calm and composed, was very handsome. Upon the twisted, deformed figure was a suit of handsome broadcloth, cut to conceal as far as possible the defects of form; and the easy grace of his bearing proclaimed Effie's unerring instinct. It was evident this was a *gentleman*.

"Mamma," said Effie, leading him forward, "this is my friend, Mr."—and she hesitated.

"John Mansfield, madam," he said courteously; then, unheeding the deathly pallor that came over her face, he said: "Your little daughter's kindness induced me today to break through a retirement from society of nearly eleven years."

"I am very glad you honored us," she answered, controlling herself by an effort that it made Hetty's heart ache to see, and then with graceful courtesy she introduced him to her guests.

It was a successful party. Everybody went home well pleased with both hostess and entertainment; yet, after the last guest had gone, Effie sent to bed and servants out of the way, Mrs. Wilson paced her parlor in an agony that it was dreadful to see in one usually calm.

"After so many years," she said, in answer to Hetty's tearful sympathy, "I thought he was dead! I was sure he was dead. O, Hetty, must I tell him?"

"Wait a little, Lucy. You know it was a conditional promise. Test his love first, and his sanity," she added in a lower tone.

"For how long, Hetty?"

The tone was as imploring as that of a criminal pleading for a delay of his sentence.

"Suppose we say a year."

"And we must invite him here often, Hetty. It is only justice."

But it was not long before the act of justice became to Hetty a pleasure she would scarcely admit how great, even to herself. The invitation sent through Effie was eagerly accepted, and the hunchback was soon a constant visitor at Mrs. Wilson's, and before many weeks a loved and honored one.

I wish I could make you see here something of the gentle loveliness of Hetty Payne's character. She had never been beautiful, and now, in her thirtieth year, there was nothing to redeem her face from positive plainness but its winning sweetness of expression. Accustomed in her girlhood to find herself slighted for her more brilliantly attractive sister, she had grown timid and reserved in society; but at home she was the gentle, tender, domestic woman whose quiet graces are more valuable than any showy accomplishments. It was a new sensation to this gentle woman to find herself an object of attention, and courtesy of a gentleman, whose handsome face was ample compensation for the defects of his figure, and whose noble heart and cultivated mind were opened gradually, as the home atmosphere wore away the ice of reserve. John Mansfield was a close student and had been a traveler; one who could drop egotism, yet give varied personal experience; could cloak pedantry, yet display learning. His love for Effie was almost idolatry; yet, as the months wore away, Lucy marked with pleasure that Hetty's voice and step called up to his face an expression of deeper emotion than even Effie had power to waken.

November came, and again there were preparations on foot for a Thanksgiving party. It was the night before the eventful day, and Hetty was in the library when John Mansfield entered unannounced.

"I have come to bid you a long farewell," he said, abruptly. "I am going to Europe."

She rose from her seat, white as death. "Going to Europe?" she echoed.

"Yes!" the voice was harsh and changed. "Laugh at me, mock me if you will, Hester Payne. I—deformed—poor—bound hand and foot by chains I cannot break—I *love* you!"

She stood very still, a great light coming gradually into her sweet face; but after a moment she said:

"I shall not mock you, *my beloved!*"

"No, no, Hester, do not say it! Oh, I never dreamed of this! Love me! • Oh, do not curse me! I am not free to love you, and I never thought anybody could love me! I am married!"

Still the smile did not fade from her face. "Sit down here," she said gently, "and tell me your story."

Something in her voice and look gave him a strange feeling of hope. "Why should I tell you," he said, yet obeying her command; "it is but the story of a wasted existence, blighted by a cruel accident made bitter by a false woman's broken faith. I loved her madly, Hester; not as I love you, with the mature love of manhood, with a respect that is almost worship, but with the blind idolatry of a youth. She was wonderfully beautiful; so like Effie that sometimes it bewilders me. I was young, then, straight as an arrow, and I had large wealth, inherited from a father, who died, leaving me heir to an immense factory, where he had coined money. We were married. One year after a fire broke out in the factory. In the endeavor to save my property, I went into the burning edifice too late. A crashing fall from above stunned me, and from long insensibility and illness I awoke the thing I am. We were beggared, too, and I became revolting to her. She never loved me, and when I rose from that bed of agony to find myself bankrupt, she fled away from me to her father's house. I never sought her, but—she is my wife. I am rich again, now, by a legacy; but my wealth lies idle. I have no heart to spend, no right to love!"

And having finished his story, told with the abrupt brevity that hides bleeding agony, he let his head fall forward upon the table before him. He was still seated so, unaware that Hetty had glided from the room, when a hand fell caressingly upon his shoulder.

"John Mansfield," said Mrs. Wilson's voice, "look up. The woman you loved, who so cruelly deserted you, was my husband's cousin. Six months after she fled from you, she sank into a consumption, first becoming the mother of a lovely child. She died in Italy a month before my husband, and in the same house where we were. With his full permission I adopted the child."

"Effie!" He looked up now.

Hetty stood before him with Effie by the hand. One long embrace encircled promised wife and child.

"Papa!" it was the next day, and the word fell with touching power upon the heart so long lonely. "Today you will have something to be thankful for."

The answer was a long, silent embrace.

"Just one year today," said Mrs. Wilson, "since you first came here. I was won over by Effie to send the invitation, though I doubted your acceptance."

"I *had* to come," he said gently. "Effie had already won my heart. Like Eloise, yet different, I scarcely know whether to love or hate her."

"And now?" Hetty's voice asked the question.

"Now, my love, my darling," he said tenderly, "we will leave her with the mother she loves, to replace the sister who will come to my far away home."

The Higher Path.

There are three paths that upward wind
Men follow who would heaven find.

The lowest, where men fain do well
On earth, but for the fear of hell.

The second one, where men would fain
Do right, that they may heaven gain.

Only unselfish spirits bright
Follow the highest path of right.

The soul that doth this high path take
Doth do the right for its own sake.

And in the end to him alone
The gates of heaven are open thrown.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Speaking of circumstantial evidence recalls to my mind an incident that came under my observation while I was in charge of the Chestnut street police station. An English nobleman, who was in this country for a lark, visited a house kept by a well-known sporting women and spent a few hours in the resort drinking. After he had walked up the street a few blocks from the house he missed his roll of money, and not being able to find it, concluded he had been robbed. He went back to the house immediately and accused the woman of the theft. She denied it, and on his complaint a police officer arrested her. When they came into the station house he told me the story as above. Then I heard her story and was impressed with the belief that she was innocent. He told me that the amount was $350—two $50 bills and the balance in tens—and also described the peculiar way he had rolled it. He was so confident that she had robbed him that I concluded to hold her. I incidentally remarked, as she was going back to the cell: "Have you any money about you?" "I have," she replied and placed a roll of bills on the ledge. I examined it and found $350—two $50 bills and the balance in tens—identically the same amount and the same denominations as he had lost. He swore positively that it was his money, and wanted to take it, but I refused to give it up. The woman was locked up and the nobleman went away, after the usual instruction to be at the Four courts in the morning and swear out a warrant. I could not believe but that she was innocent. About two hours after she had been locked up the nobleman returned, out of breath, and stated that he had found his money. He had put it in the inside pocket of his vest, something he never did before, and never thought to look for it there until he was undressing to retire, when it fell to the floor. The woman was released and her money returned, and the nobleman escorted her, arm in arm to her resort.—*Serg. Warren Fox in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Minister's Horse.

A clergyman had a member of his church named Hodge, who was intemperate. The clergyman on one occasion expostulated with Hodge and urged him to sign the pledge.

"Have you done so?" asked Hodge.

"No," replied the clergymen, "it is not necessary in my case; besides, I need a little stimulant at times when going a long round to visit my flock. Indeed it is my horse, helping me to do my laborious work."

The following day as the clergyman was passing a country road, he heard some one groaning, and like the good Samaritan, went to the place to render help, when he saw a man covered with mud lying in a ditch. Without hesitation the clergyman took hold of the poor fellow and helped him out of his unenviable position. To his great surprise, he found this unfortunate was Hodge.

"What have you been doing?" said the clergyman, "to bring yourself to such a condition of degradation?"

"Oh!" said Hodge, "I was only trying your horse, when, lo, he landed me in the ditch."

A Cradle Song for Fathers.

Hush, my baby, don't you cry;
Mamma's coming by and by.

She has gone a-shopping, dear;
Do not cry, for papa's here.

Mamma's just gone down the street
Gone to match a ribbon, sweet.

Shopping days are dreadful days
Mamma hates them (so she says).

'Tis so tiresome turning o'er
Fabrics in a dry goods store.

Ladies do not like to shop.
They at home would rather stop.

And they're always grieved I know
When they must a-shopping go.

Do not fret my little one;
She'll return by set of sun.

(So it is to be supposed)
For the stores will then be closed.

—*Boston Courier.*

A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Cavendish, entering his wife's room, "I've sent that girl of yours about her business."

Mrs. Cavendish looked up with a start. She was buttoning Bob's apron, patiently following him about the room as he frisked after the cat.

"What!" said she, in a dismayed voice.

"I spoke distinctly enough, didn't I? I—have—discharged—Lucy!"

"What for, James?"

"Insolence, that's all."

"But Lucy never could have been insolent," pleaded Mrs. Cavendish, twitching off the last button from Boby's apron in her pertubation.

"Oh, couldn't she though? I just wish you had been there that's all."

"What did she say, James?"

"I told her she was half an hour behind with breakfast, and asked her what she meant by it; and she told me she was doing the best she could, and couldn't do better if all the world depended upon it."

"But, James, the poor girl is nearly frantic with toothache this morning."

"I can't help that; she has no business to answer me impudently. It wasn't the words so much—it was the manner."

"Poor Lucy! And you have discharged her!"

"That's you all over," said Mr. Cavendish, angrily. "I believe you'd take anybody else's part against me. Yes, of course I discharged her. I told her to have her things outside the house in two hours or I'd fling them out of the window."

"But, James, what am I to do?" said Mrs. Cavendish, who had by this time captured Ethel, the second child, and was buttoning her boots with nervous rapidity. "With one of my sick headaches coming on, and Willie and Pen down with the measles, and not a soul to lift a hand for me!"

"That's a paetty question to ask," said Mr. Cavendish, standing with his hands in his pockets. One would think you women were made of sugar or salt nowadays. My mother had ten children—ten—and did every stroke of the work for 'em herself year in and year out; and here you make such a rumpus because you happen to be left without a servant for twenty-four hour because—of course, I expect to stop at Wiggins' and send you up a Swede or a Norwegian this afternoon."

Poor Mrs. Cavendish burst into tears.

"James," said she, "Lucy was the best girl I have ever had. You should not have sent her out of the house in this way. How would you like it if I went down to your wholesale boot and shoe place and discharge your clerks?"

"I should say you did perfectly right," returned Cavendish, "if they answered you impertinently. Now don't snivel! If there is anything I hate it is a scene. I'll go down stairs and boil the coffee myself—and you hurry down with the children as soon as you can. There's plenty of bread and butter and cold boiled ham, anyhow. Nobody ever starved on that."

Mr. Cavendish had "camped out" a good deal during his bachelor days, and succeeded in preparing a remarkably good pot of coffee. The bread and butter and cold ham were not bad of their kind, but the children cried aloud for milk. The Cavendishes kept a cow, and the milk had not yet been brought in.

"And that was what kept Lucy!" involuntarily cried Mrs. Cavendish.

"Condensed milk is good enough for anybody," asserted Mr. Cavendish.

But Bob and Ethel declined to drink it on any terms.

"Starve 'em to it!" said the father, drinking his hot coffee in prodigious gulps. "Healthy children have no business to be dainty."

And he caught up his hat and ulster and made a bee line for the train.

Mrs. Cavendish looked piteously around at the distorted table, the ash choked fire, general desolation of the room. Her head each was gradually working itself up to the supreme moment of desperation. The children above stairs were crying for breakfast. Bob was sailing his shoe in the cedar pale of water; Ethel was feeding the kitten from the can of condensed milk.

"Ma," piped up Bob, "there's a tramp at the kitchen winder!"

But it was no tramp. It was Miles, the stableman.

"Oh, Miles, I am so glad!" said Mrs. Cavendish. "You've brought us the milk?"

"I haven't that, mum," said Miles. "The cow's lost, an' it ain't meself that's going to track her through the swamps an' bogs. If the master want's his cow took care of, he's got to pay me a dollar a week more wages."

"Got to, Miles?"

"Yis'm!" boldly retorted the man. "I ain't to be put upon no longer. Doctor Miller's man"—

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish, "you may go!"

"Ma'am!" echoed the astonished servant.

"You are discharged," said Mrs. Cavendish, firmly—"at once!"

Miles slunk away and disappeared.

Mrs. Cavendish went up to her room, and after ministering as well as she could to the wants of the poor little victim of measles, she threw herself on the bed, with a wet towel bound around her head and despair in her heart. "There's one comfort," said Mrs. Cavendish, gloomily smiting, "if he discharged Lucy, I have sent away Miles!"

Mr. Cavendish had an unusually busy day in the city. As he was hurrying toward the depot in the afternoon he remembered that his mission to Mr. Wiggins' famous "intelligence bureau" was yet unfulfilled.

"Confound it!" said Mr. Cavendish to himself. "However, tomorrow will do just as well. My mother did without any help at all!"

At the station do buggy was waiting.

"I wonder what that lazy villain Miles is about?" said Mr. Cavendish, a dark frown gathering upon his brow. "He may think he's got a snug place of it, but I'll teach him I'm not to be trifled with!"

When he reached Althea Lodge, everything was disorganized. Ethel was pulling the feathers out of the peacock's tail; Bob was galloping around the barnyard on the Pounce, the pony.

"We're having such fun, pa!" he cried.

Mr. Cavendish hurried into the house. The parlor was undusted, yesterday's flowers were wilted in the vases, and the fire had died into a mass of feathery cinders. Through the open door was visible the dining-room, with remains of the breakfast still visible—as dispiriting a scene as could be beheld.

And there, in the midst of all this forlornity, sat Mrs. Burgoyne, his sister, from the West, to whom he had frequently boasted of the perfection of the wife's housekeeping arrangements, and a Mrs. Ridgway, who, once, years ago, had been a sort of old sweetheart of his. Of all people, he was most anxious that his home should appear pleasant in the eyes of those two women! And now——

He made the best of it, however. He extended to them an ostentatiously hospitable welcome, hurriedly built up a blazing cannel-coal fire in the grate, and hastened upstairs to where poor Mrs. Cavendish was deluging her forehead in cologne and endeavoring to twist up the wet braids of her heavy hair into company order.

"Julia," said he, "what does this mean? Miles gone"——

"I discharged him," said she, resolutely. "You said I was perfect justifiable in doing so, if he spoke impertinently to me. And he did so."

"But what am I to do?"

Precisely the question I asked you this morning."

Mr. Cavendish had nothing further to say for himself. He simply muttered some kind 'Pounce hasn't been fed, 'cause I couldn't find the key of the oat bin, and the cow is lost. Such fun!"

"Where is Miles?" roared the father.

"Ma's discharged him."

"What for?"

"'Cause he talked saucy to her."

Mr. Cavendish stood a moment staring at the pony and the peacock, the boy and the girl.

"Ethel," said he, "let that bird go. Robert get off the pony at once and come into the house."

Ethel obeyed reluctantly, Robert with alacrity.

"We've got company," chirped the latter youth—"company, pa! I 'most forgot to tell you. And ma's in bed with headache, and there's no one to get them any supper. Hoo-ray!"

"Do you know," he said, "that there is company down stairs?"

"Yes; but until this moment I have been unable to leave my bed."

"My dear," he said, compassionately, putting his arm around her shoulder, "does your head ache so hard?"

"It is better now, James."

"I do believe," slowly observed Mr. Cavendish, "that I have been a fool."

"Oh, James!"

"I wish I hadn't flown into such a passion with poor Lucy. And all about nothing, too, when one come to think of it."

Mrs. Cavendish laughed hysterically.

"We all make mistakes, James," said she. "Wait a minute, dear. I'll go down stairs with you now, if you'll give me your arm. I couldn't ask your sister and her friend up here with the children sick with measles, could I?"

"Who is with them now—the children I mean?"

"A handy young girl from the village—Lucy's sister."

"Couldn't—couldn't she help us with the dinner?" ventured Mr. Cavendish.

"She is too young. Besides, she has had no experience. But, James"——

"Yes, Julia!"

"Open confession is good for the soul," said Mrs. Cavendish. "Lucy came back to me about two hours ago. She said you had sent her away, but that she could not bear to leave me at such a time. She is getting dinner down stairs now."

"She's a trump!" cried Mr. Cavendish.

Scarcely had he introduced his wife to the ladies in the parlor than the folding doors of the back room slid open, revealing a bright fire and a well spread table, decorated with spring flowers—daffodils, tulips, and a few purple spikes of lilac. A pair of ducks had been roasted in the best and most tempting style. There were sweet breads and chicken salad by way of entrees; a delicious steam pudding sent forth its perfume from the kitchen, and Lucy was just bringing in the tomato soup.

Mr. Cavendish nodded good humoredly toward her. She courtesied respectfully.

"You deedn't worry about the horse and cow, sir," she said, in a low voice. "Peter Frink, from the Low Farm, is coming to attend to him."

While the family were discussing the steam pudding and prune pie, Lucy slipped into the parlor, and, to use her own terms, "straightened up" the disorder there, and the last impression taken away by the visitors was one of neatness and comfort.

Mr. Cavendish drew a long breath as he watched the retreating footsteps of his company toward the road that led to the train.

"Julia," said he, turning towards his wife, "I've come to the conclusion that times have changed since my mother did the work for ten children without any servant."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Cavendish.

"I was entirely wrong when I sent Lucy away; and you were quite right when you discharged Miles. Henceforward, my dear, we'll try to mingle a little common sense with our housekeeping. Eh—shall we?"

And Mrs. Cavendish smiled as she assented.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

THE man who goes to the seashore escort for change generally comes back without any.

THE woodcutter need never go hungry. He can always have a chop.